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THE
LIFE & DEATH

O F

Stephen Marshal,

Sometimes

Minister of the Gospel at *Finchingfield* in
E S S E X.

Written by way of *Letter* to a Friend.

Si populus vult decipi—

LONDON,

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TO

THE
Stationer
TO THE
READER.

A*T* the close of this Letter (which you are here presented with) the Author has given a fair account of his Design in writing these Memorials, viz. in Charity to undeceive such well-meaning Persons as are still unhappily misled in the same way, and miserably gull'd and abused by the usual Artifice and Cunning of those grave Sinners, who will needs call themselves the Saints, the People of God, the Secret Ones, and take a Pride in many such fine Names, which in the Eyes of discerning men, look not much unlike curious Ornaments throw'n over a foul and loathsome Carcase. But I have a farther thought in being assistant to this Publication, and that is, to

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gratifie the Leaders themselves ; who (Good men) not content with the Kings Gracious Pardon, are now become so very bold, as not only to give some Commendations of what has been the Cause and Ground of all our late Distractions ; but stily to contend for it, and vigorously to endeavour the acting over the same Tragedy, and raising the same Devil again by the same Noise and Out-cries, which they were taught to make use of in the memorable Tear of 41.

Amongst other Methods, the memory of those pretious Persons (as they love to call 'em) who were the grand Ring-Leaders in the late Rebellion, is recommended and endear'd to the People ; and what can be less intended hereby, than that the People should by this way be brought to entertain a good Opinion of their Practices, and be in a readiness to be stirr'd up, whenever a fit and convenient Opportunity shall present it self unto them.

Thus we have seen the Lives of several of these Seducers creep out of the Press, and every day expect to see more, When therefore it shall please them (by publishing his Life) to Canonize Mr. Marshall, they are gratifi'd by being here furnisht with Materials towards that Great Work. And it were easie, and I shall be ready to do the like kindness

to the Reader.

kindness for those which shall be writ hereafter, and for the new Editions of such as are abroad already.

As to this, I shall assure thee, Reader, that (whilest the aim of those Designers is to allure thee with a Godly Varnish, into a false Opinion of the Persons and Practises of such men) this Relation has no other end, but to keep thee from being cheated and besool'd amongst the Common Herd of Mankind.

If now what is here sent abroad be either ill taken, or interpreted worse, it is not to be lookt upon as a fault in the Author, but imputed rather to the distemper of such, who are unwilling to be severely and sincerely dealt withall, tho' it be in order to their Cure. He has not here us'd any Arguments to dissuade such Guides as now-a-days profer themselves almost in every Barn or Market-place; partly because 'tis forreign to his purpose, and partly because he is sufficiently assured, that if Matters of Fact be weak and unable, Arguments (tho' never so good) will be of little force to prevail with them. For such is the resolv'd obstinacy of the ordinary sort of People, that the cleereſt Argument shall not convince, but rather confirm them in
their

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their beloved Fooleries. And this is one of their greatest unhappineses, that they take pleasure in being abus'd; for if any one be so friendly, as to deal freely and plainly with them, and venture to give them good and sound Advice, they presently kick and fling, thinking themselves injur'd by what is given out of pure love and kinduefs.

Farewell.

T H E

THE
L I F E
O F

Mr. *STEPHEN MARSHAL*, &c.

S I R,

Although this is due to Humanity, that the Reputation of those that are dead should sleep in quiet with their Ashes: yet having the Influence of your Requests (which have always had with me the Efficacy of Commands) to awaken the Fame of him, who *Achan*-like for a Wedge of Gold hath troubled the Peace of that State; the Tranquility whereof he should have preserved with the greatest care and industry. I suppose what I write concerning this Man, will not amount to a Violation of that Law: Especially if we remember how severe an Observer, and how immodest a Publisher of other mens rather suppos'd than real Crimes, he himself has been. Why should the

The Life of

* The grand Impostor. A malicious gloss upon the Dying Speech of Arch-Bishop Laud.

the Failings of Loyal Subjects (both * *Ecclesiasticks* and others) be shamefully divulg'd, and the black and horrid villanies of those who stile themselves *The Godly*, lye covered under the Cloak of Religion. Therefore as for the Fame of that Person, whose Actions you so importunately desire should be recorded for the undeceiving of such as have been deluded by his Imposture and Religious Jugling; I am willing and ready to present you with as exact an Account of it, as either mine own Knowledge and Observation of him, or the truest Information that I could obtain from others, will allow me. And tho' I am not able to give you so full and perfect a Relation of him (especially in reference to our late unhappy Times, in which he was not a little busie) as may be expected from such an Undertaker; yet this I shall assure you, I shall not knowingly blot him with any Fiction, nor shall I need to make use of my Invention, since the baseness of his Actions are sufficient to render him, and that *Cause* which he undertook, odious to Posterity.

His Birth.

And First, concerning his Pedigree; which tho' it be obscure, yet it is not altogether so hard to trace it, as to find out the Head of the River Nile. He was born (as I have been inform'd) at *Gormanchester* near *Huntington*, his Father a Glover and very poor; yet the meanness of his Birth would have been no Reproach to him, if his own bad Life had not made him more infamous than his Original: For as the
Glory

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Glory of Ancestors is a vain Boast in those whose Actions degenerate from the Nobleness of their Family, so the mean Descent of those whose Virtues have laid the Foundation of their own Honour, is no disparagement; but where a base and ignoble Extraction, is seconded by a more base and infamous Life, it doubles the Ignominy. That this person has more disgrac'd his Family, than their beggarly Condition, will notoriously appear in the following Character; which I dare assure you will find more Credit about *Finchingfield*, than in remoter places, where he was known only by the Fame of his *Preaching* and his *Parasites*.

How his younger days were spent, I am not able to inform you, as they were more obscure, so 'tis Charity to believe they were harmless; but having got so much *Grammar Learning* as his poverty and industry would attain to, he goes to *Cambridge*, to *Emanuel Colledge* (that Colledge that hath hatch'd too many such Birds) which he rather visited than continu'd in: For as I have heard, he left it without a *Degree*, or at most was but *Batchelor of Arts*, and for his first Preferment, was entertain'd in a Gentleman's House in *Suffolk*.

Shortly after Mr. *Richard Rogers* Lecturer at *Wethersfield* deceases, and Mr. *Marshall* is chosen his Successor, where they purchase him a *Library* at the Cost of *Fifty pounds*, and do many other very friendly Offices for him. He being sensible of their kindness, engages himself by a voluntary Promise never to leave them.

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He had not long continued there, before Mr. *Pickering* (a Reverend and Learned Divine) Minister of *Finchingfield* dyeth. The Fatness of the Benefice help'd the Patron to Suitors enough; but amongst all, our *Marshall* was the Man whom his Affection made choice of, to bestow his Presentation upon; who having unluckily married himself to *Wethersfield*, knows not what course to take to sue out a *Bill of Divorce*. The great Living (worth 200 l. *per annum*) is a strong Temptation to the *Holy Man's* concupiscible Appetite, (for tho' our new Saints talk much of Heaven, yet 'tis the Earth they most desire to inherit) however *Wethersfield* holds him to his promise, *Never to leave them*. A little Assembly of Divines (as wise almost, and as honest as the great one) is call'd; 'tis there debated how far Mr. *Marshall's* promise is obligatory. The *Casuits* knowing his mind before, conclude, that it bound him, not to leave them for a *Lesser Salary*; but left him at Liberty to take a *Bigger Living* when he could get it: and in very deed, there is no reason why any promise, tho' never so solemnly, so deliberately made, should stand a perpetual *Pálizado* to any Godly Man's Preferment. Well, however this Decision satisfies his *Corvan*: For he leaves *Wethersfield*, and away he goes to *Finchingfield*. This is the first noted Essay that he gave of his *Fidelity* in keeping Promise.

Mr. *Marshall's* Name is now up, and he may lie in Bed, which he cannot comfortably do without a Bedsfellow, who seeks him, not taken with any
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Comeliness of his Person, but ravish'd with the zealous delivery of his *Sermons*: For whatsoever good his Preaching does upon Mens Souls, it works mightily upon Womens Affections. A Gentlewoman of a considerable Fortune hears him, and concludes, that so warm a Preacher, could not choose but make as warm a Husband; whereupon she discovers her Meltings to some of the Sister-hood: They glad to advance their *Ghostly Father*, presently acquaint him with the Happiness that gap'd for him. He (a man never slow to do himself good) accosts her, wooes her in the Language of *Canaan*, and at last wins her; *For a Castle is never hard to take, where the Gates stand open without a Centinel*. But her Friends unwilling she should match to nothing but a Stipend, (for I think he was not then removed from *Wetherfield*) deny consent, unless a Jointure can be made her. What shall the Good Man now do, who was never born to one Acre of Land? Great care is taken; Prayers are put up for the Success of this Match; Endeavours are us'd; but the obstinate Kindred are resolv'd to have a Settlement of an Estate, or else no Match goes forward. And it shall be had rather than Mr. *Marshall* shall lose his rich Wife. One *Wiltshire* (whom Mr. *Marshall* was wont to call Father) will now shew, that it was not in vain, that he own'd him by that Title; and therefore settles an Estate of 30 or 40 *l. per annum* (as I have heard) upon him and her. This pretence of her Friend's unwillingness was by many suppos'd to be a Plot to get *Wiltshire's* Estate, who was thought to dote so much upon

on Mr. *Marshall*, that he would do any thing to advance him. However it was wrought, he parts with it, and Mr. *Marshall* enjoys his *Love*; but whether she enjoy'd her *Love* is not altogether so certain: 'Tis a common Complaint, that the Devoutest Preachers are not always the kindest Husbands, nor does the rest of their Conversation answer that Affection, that they make shew of in a Pulpit. *She finds it so.*

Truly the Woman, tho' she was not of that politick reach, that some others are of, never wanted Ornaments of a meek and quiet Spirit; but her Simplicity, or something else made her to be slighted, if not scorn'd by him: For after she had made him a Father of one Son and six Daughters, he grows weary of her Bed. (I will not say to go to anothers; tho' to stop the the Mouths of People that began to mutter, he was was forced to frequent a Sisters House less than he had been observ'd usually to do before) insomuch that they seldom lay together. And it has been observ'd, that when he had been for many Weeks together absent, and came into the Country to take his Tithes and fresh Air, he chose rather to suck it in at Sculkins, than at the *Vicaridge*; and to supply the want of his Wife, her Company, he frequently read himself asleep with a *Play-Book* or *Romance*.

To his Children he was (to give him his due) a very indulgent Father, and perhaps more indulgent than was allowable. The most of their Educa-

Education was going from one good House to another, to eat *Cheef-cakes* and *Custards*. They were like Gentlewomen in nothing besides their Habits; and therein they exceeded persons of good Degree and Quality. They followed the height of Fashions with changeable *Taffata's*, and *Naked Necks*, insomuch that the Godly Party were sorely scandaliz'd at it; but durst not complain, because it was Mr. *Marshall* who was concern'd. He gave them great Portions; and (as the *History of Independency* saith) Married one of them with the *Book of Common Prayer*, and a *Ring*; and gave this for a reason, That the Statute establishing that Liturgy was not yet repeal'd; and he was loth to have his Daughter *Whored*, and turn'd back upon him for want of a Legal Marriage: Nevertheless he could declare against the use of it by others. And so the *Jugler* plaid at fast and loose with the *Service-Book*, as he had done before with the People of *Wethersfield*.

We will view him next in his Pastoral Relations; where (to speak the Truth) he was for many years so well beloved of his People, that I think few Ministers could boast of a greater happiness in that kind: being not morose, but of a free and sociable Humour in his Conversation, and in his Preaching very taking with a Country Auditory: For tho' in his Sermons penn'd, there was nothing extraordinary; yet he had such a kind of Delivery, that he carried away the credit from all: besides which I think these may be some causes of his Popularity.

First,

First, (till he began to meddle with *State Affairs*) he always preach'd *Catechistical Divinity*; (how happy had the man been, if he had never done otherwise?) and that in as plain and familiar Expressions as could be, that he might suit himself to the meanest Capacity, and gain the People, which was his great, if not his only aim and ambition.

Secondly, he had an art of commending every thing that he delivered, before he deliver'd it, as being most serious, and of highest Concernment to their Souls; which the people always took upon his Word. Yea, he would solemnly profess, that what he preach'd to them, he had experience of the work of it upon his own Soul, which conducted much both to the gaining of Credit to his Doctrine, and to himself.

Thirdly, Whenever he dismiss'd them, before he had finished the Text or point he was upon, 'twas his Custom to assure them, that the *best* was *still behind*, which was an invitation to come again and hear the *rest*.

Fourthly, He was acquainted with all the *Vulgar Proverbs*, and odd Country Phrases, and By-words which he would sprinkle up and down in his Sermon; which captivated the People at a strange rate.

Fifthly, He toward his latter end, insisted much upon Notional (which he call'd *Spiritual*) Divinity,

nity, and the many Privileges of the *Saints*; and seldom or never would meddle with particular *Sins* (unless it were the Sin of *MALIGNANCY*, or not promoting the *PARLIAMENT CAUSE*.) Yea, he has been heard to say, that he durst not preach against their Vices, lest they should be scar'd from his Ministry; (this is much of the same Complexion with the *Jesuite's* complying Divinity to gain Disciples) but if he could make them in love with Jesus Christ, they would soon grow weary of their Sins: As if any man before he knows the Evil of Sin, would see any need of Christ. *Oh wise Master Builder!*

Sixthly, He preach'd much abroad, and then had his Agents to give notice ten miles about, when he came to any Lecture; (this is the mode of all the *Patriarchs* of that Gang, by which they gather more Disciples to themselves than to Jesus Christ.) When he had well heated himself with preaching (which was much to his honour) he had a Sister or two (*No Nuns*) that waited upon him with Towels and a clean Shirt, which (after they had every where well wip'd him to prevent catching of cold) they put upon him with more Affection, than if it had been a Surplice. And having well refreshed himself with some preparatory Caudle, he is ready for his Dinner.

Tho' the *Nonconformists* counted him theirs, yet all this while he was wary of hazarding his Benefice, by venturing in publick any thing against the

the Establish't Government or Liturgy: Nay, he was as conformable as could be desired, reading *Divine Service*, wearing the *Surplice*, receiving and administering the *Sacrament* kneeling, approving, commending, extolling *Episcopacy* and the *Liturgy*, observing all the *Holy-days* with more than ordinary Diligence, preaching upon most of them. This the man did, so long as he had any hopes of rising that way: For that his Ambition was such, I have great reason to believe, being assured by a worthy Person, that he was once an earnest Suitor to the late unhappy Duke of *Buckingham* for a *Deanry*, which is the next step to a *Bishoprick*. The loss of which (as the same Misfortune made *Arrius* turn Heretick) so it made him turn Schismatick. His Son-in-law Nye was heard to say, *That if they had but made his Father a Bishop, before he had been too far engaged, it might have prevented all the War; and since he cannot rise so high as a Bishop, he will pull the Bishops as low as himself; yea, if he can, lower than himself was at Gormanchester.* Discontented Pride has made more Schismatics than Conscience; if this has slain its thousands, that has kill'd its ten thousands.

There wants not a Conspiracy of many *Mediums* to assist him in this Design. First, the too many discontented, and upon several occasions) dissatisfied Persons in this Nation, every where spurring one the other on, to foment Troubles and Distractions. Then follow'd the *Scotish* Rebellion, breaking out first at Home, and present-

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presently advancing it self into *England*; which afterward forc'd the Princely Martyr to call that Black Parliament which proved the Ruine of Him, of the Nation, and at last (by the just hand of Providence) of themselves too.

During their Session, an Assembly of Divines is called, *not chosen* by the Clergy according to Law, but selected by themselves; amongst these our Reverend *Marshall* (by means of Friends) is prefer'd to be one: He quickly grows to be Master, and is so call'd by all (like the the old *Pharisee* he affected the Name of *Rabbi*;) they sit, not to consult for the Reformation of Religion in things that were amiss, but to receive the Parliaments Commands to undo and innovate Religion. In which Work, or rather Drudgery of the Devil, (falsly styl'd *The Cause*,) our active *Stephen* needs neither Whip nor Spur: Tooth and Nail he bends himself to the overthrow of the Hierarchy, Root and Branch. Those few honest men that were chosen either absenting themselves (because they would not be involv'd in their pernicious and heady Suffrages) or being thrown out by them, they do all their Wickednesses *nemine contradicente*, till *Independency* began to check, and at last *Mate-Presbytery*. They assist to their Power, if not in Voting down the Bishops, yet in keeping them down by their trepanning Covenant, (a *Scotish* Jig plaid and danc'd by the giddy Brethren in *England*.) In which I cannot but take notice of their base Hypocrisie, in suffering the major part of the Nation

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on (that bowed to that *Dagon*) to take it in the plain *Grammatical* Sense of it; yet to strengthen their Party, giving leave to some more precious and eminent persons to take it in their own Sense. This Falsity God doth judge and will judge.

To Countenance their Proceedings, they consult with Foreign Divines of the *Presbyterian* Churches: as *Johanan* (*Jer.* 42.) and the rest consulted with *Jeremiah* concerning their going into *Ægypt*, resolv'd to follow his Counsel, if it agreed with theirs, yet to go, tho' God and He said nay; if the advice of those Divines had seconded their Intentions (which they never questioned) they would have heard it, and the World should have heard it. But yet they resolved to take their own Course, tho' *Geneva* should advise the contrary; as indeed they prudently did, and therefore they bury the Foreign Letters, till time brought them to light by a strange Resurrection. And that the Foreign Divines might trouble them no more with fresh Letters, they clap them in the Mouth with a Lye, that they intended no harm to regulate *Episcopacy*, but only to the Lordly and Tyrannical Regiment of it. Let their Actions be heard speaking against them, they do not only uncover the Roof, and take down the Pyramids and Battlements of *Episcopacy*; but like the rough Sons of *Edom*, they raze it even to the Ground; and instead thereof, set up its Rival, the proud, swelling, domineering Faction of *Presbytery*; which Mulhroom-like, sud-

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suddenly sprang up, and as suddenly disappeared, or at best does truckle under its younger Brother *Independency*. Which our *Stephen* observing, (and as he could not be the *Protomartyr*, so he was resolved not to be the *Deuteromartyr* of that Name) quickly disowns his own sweet Babe, and (with a little of honest *Ny's* Assistance) puts himself into the thriving Sect of the *Independents*, bidding *New England* welcome into the *Old*.

And because the Church could not be destroyed without the King, who was more firmly wedded to it, than Mr. *Marshall* either to his Wife, or his first Living; the King and all who adhere to him and the Church must be destroyed with it: to whose Ruine Mr. *Marshall* contributes not a little. Witness Thundrings in all Pulpits; his Cursing all people who were backward in their engaging against him; his encouraging all those, whose Villany made them forward in the Undertaking that great Work, warranting them no small Preferment in Heaven, if they would lay down their Lives for the Cause: Witness his Menaces, and private Incitations, becoming *Drum-major*, or *Chaplain-General* to the Army; praying from Regiment to Regiment at *Edge-hill*.

Witness his riding Post into *Scotland*, to treat with the *Scots*, in order to their coming into *England*; in which business he so demean'd himself with the *Kirk Party*, pawning his Soul, and his Brethrens here in *England* (for a less Pledge

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would not be taken) in a wicked League for Conformities Sake, that the two Nations might be one in a Religious Conspiracy; that they espouse their Cause, and in it defend their own Guilt, by an Additional Conspiracy with the *English* Rebels. This Journey, men say, was worth 500 *l.* to him; I believe more.

Witness his perswading the City to lend the Parliament 50000 *l.* to pay their Souldiers, who were ready to mutiny in a seasonable time: then perswading the City to let the Army march through them, and possess the Tower. This he did to assure the *Independents*, that he is really theirs: So he is sent down a Second time into *Scotland*, to lye again for his Master's Profit; and thither goes *Balaam* again for love of the Wages of Unrighteousness. But this Voyage was not so acceptable to the dear Brethren as the former, if all be true that I have heard, *viz.* that in a Storm it hail'd rotten Eggs upon his Head at *Edenburgh*: They being cunning Juglers themselves, soon smelt a Cheat. Besides it is supposed, that tho' he rode Post, some body had outstript him with Letters, and acquainted the Kirk, that he was become a Changeling and Apostate from *Presbytery*, then which a greater Crime could not there be charged upon him. So he returns to the *Rump*, to tell them he lost his Journey.

Having lost his Credit too in *London*, and his Parish at *St. Margarets* growing cold in their Affe-

Affections to him, and his 300 *l. per annum* for preaching at the *Abby* failing, he returns to his old forsaken Love (I do not mean his Wife, but) *Finchingfield*; and there he finds neither the Welcome nor Respect that he was wont. His Slight of them had taught them as little to esteem him. They construe his Retreat thither but a forc'd Putt, and say openly, that if he could have better'd his Maintenance any where else, he would have sold them for two pence profit : and instead of sending Tithes, when demanded, they send him Jeers and Frumps; rate him above what he could make of his Living, over-rule him, who was wont to over-rule all men. His high Stomach not brooking this Carriage, he grows weary there, and waits the next opportunity to be gone, which offers it self thus:

The Lecturer of the great Church in *Ipswich* dies. He is thither invited by the Town, with this *Proviso*, if his Conscience could relinquish his present *Cure* : A Scruple that troubled him not at all; for he had often fear'd his Conscience before with the same Iron. However, being a Man of an affected Gravity, and loth to do any thing lightly or passionately, he therefore pretends Reasons to depart from *Finchingfield*; among which this was the chiefest : He found his Ministry ineffectual. Those who were good of Old time were good still; but in his late years teaching, he could not find any new Convert.

Truly the People had little reason (I confess) to credit him in any thing, who had so perfidiously betray'd their Souls, by leading them into Rebellion. But how knew he that none were converted? The Signs of Grace do not always presently appear to the Convert himself, much less are they visible to the view of others. Besides, since God had forsaken his Ministry at *Finchingfield*, what assured hopes had he of doing good at *Ipswich*? Yet *Balaam* Saddles his As, and will go with the Men; but a few Idolizers of him, first petition him with a Scroll of hands to stay, thinking that horrible darkness must needs overspread that *Horizon*, if so great a Luminary should bid a final farewell to it. This will not do; *Baal* will not hear; next they petition God Almighty. A private Fast is appointed to be kept at Mr. *Mede's* in *Finchingfield*: Three Ministers carry on the Work of the day. Mr. *Daniel Rogers* being the Oldest, begins the Devotions; but instead of supplicating for his Stay, he tells God Almighty a very foul Story of his Rambling. I cannot give you the very words, 'tis so long, since they were spoken, and I heard them; but as I remember, they were to this purpose, *That Mr. Marshall lov'd the Company of great Personages, that he had a gadding Humour, before he had left his Parish to go live at London, and follow the Camp, and would now be gone to Ipswich, &c.* You shall not need to wonder at this: For it is verily believed by many, that there was never any Cordial Affection between these two Grand *Schismatics*; one envying another's Popularity:

pularity: For they seldom met, but they hunch't at one another. Once a Dish of Apples being brought before them, and the Company, as every one liked, preferring one Apple before another, Mr. Rogers said he lov'd a *Living*. I think so, quoth Mr. *Marshall*; for you are always whining for more. And you, says Mr. *Rogers*, love a *Runnet*, for you can never keep at Home.

But to return from this Digression, neither Petitions to Man, nor Prayers to God, will stay him: For he packs up his Tools, and is gone for *Ipswich*, where he joys not long; for he is followed with Affliction upon Affliction: Indeed he had lost his Eldest Son before, who was drown'd at *Hamburg*, which was a great vexation to him, that his Name should perish. In a short time, he buries three Daughters, and several Grand-Children, and last of all his Wife, whom he could best have spar'd; (some of his *Ipswich* Neighbours were bold to interpret these Losses to be the punishment of his deserting *Finchingfield*) soon after, himself was visited with a Consumption, which ended his Days at *London*. Of which afterwards:

His Religion stood most in External; a Jewish Observation of Sabbaths, Praying, Preaching (especially according to the new mode) in Fasts, and Thanksgivings; under these specious shews, the Mystery of Iniquity lay hid. For to what end were their Fasts, but for Strife, and to smite with the Fist of Wickedness, and to break the

the Strength and Heart of the King? And wherefore were their Thanksgivings, but for Success in Rebellion? Whereas they had more reason to thank God for his Forbearance, that the Earth did not open, and swallow them up quick, as it once did their Fellow-Rebels. But this made a great Noise among the silly People, who saw no farther than a Man may look into a Millstone.

His Irreverence about Holy things was abominable, and hardly credible; when he baptized a Child in Private, to sit in a Chair upon his Breech, while he administered that Sacrament. What Superstition could equalize that Rudeness? Perhaps he thought the same posture would as well become that Sacrament as the other: such doings have brought both into Contempt. Indeed to him and his Brethren, we owe not only the loss of our Government and Liturgy, but of the Sacraments themselves: Baptism having been restrain'd, and the Lord's Supper in many places diffus'd. Mr. *Marshall* himself having not had a Communion in *Finchingfield* for seven Years together, which is far worse than Promiscuous Communions.

That he was of all Clergy-men, the most mischievous to his Sovereign, is without Controversie, every where robbing him of the Hearts of his Subjects, creating Jealousies in them, stirring them up to Arms and Contributions of Moneys, engaging all Persons of Quality, whom he had
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any hopes to work upon: and when he found the man backward, he plays the Devil, tempts the Woman to betray her Husband. He had always a strong influence upon that Sex, and wrought that by their Importunity, which he could not effect by his own reason or persuasions. By this means he became a Murderer, a Murderer of those Souls that he had seduc'd into Rebellion; a Murderer of those Bodies which were slain by such as he stirr'd up to the War; a Murderer of all such as died by the Hands of the Royalists; a Murderer of his Prince, by taking away his good Name, by that means rendring him in the esteem of his Subjects, unworthy to govern or live; and this he did not only by his Preaching and private Calumnies; but in those absurd, dissingenuous, and malicious Animadversions of his upon the Kings Letters taken at *Nasely*; Letters so full of Modesty, Ingenuity, Wisdom and Piety, yet if he had not had the Heart of a --- very bad man, he would never have so maliciously Commented upon them, and made them speak contrary to their own *Grammatical* Sense: Letters, that when Malice had done its worst, and its religious Votaries had pick'd out of the Cabinet such as they thought would best serve their turn (suppreßing such Papers as might have given all the World satisfaction of his Majesties Love to his Subjects and the Protestant Religion,) and had discanted upon those select Papers; yet were so far from prejudicing his Majesty, that they convinc'd thousands of his Integrity, who were before doubtful. The worst that could be laid to his Charge, was, that contrary

Discovered and set out to

to former Resolutions, he sought help from Foreigners, forc'd thereunto by their implacable Violence. Besides this, he is thought to have instigated them (who were forward enough) to the hastening the King's Death. He has been heard to say, *That the King was too wise to be suffer'd to Rule. That he had as live see his own Death, as the King in his Throne.* His revengful Spirit could not forget that Affront (as he accounted it) which the King put upon him at *Holmby*; when being to say Grace for his Majesty, while he was long in forming his Chaps (as his manner was) his Majesty said Grace for himself, and was fallen to his Meat, and had eaten up some part of his Dinner, before his Chaplain had ended his Blessing the Creature. The King then checking him, and saying, that he intended not to stay till his Meat was cold, whilst he stood whistling for the Spirit: Which Check never went out of his Stomach till it rotted out. That well might one of his own Gang say, *He died in time, or else he might have taken a Turn with Hugh Peters at Charing Cross:* of which his Arrest at *Cambridge* was an unlucky *Omen*, which was a mistake and no mistake. I know, some affirm, that when the King was dead, he was much perplext, and repented of what he had done. For my part, I rather think them transient Pangs and Gripes of Conscience, than true remorse for his publick Sins.

First, because he never publicly recanted.

Secondly, he never labour'd to undeceive those whom he had seduced.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, He still joyned himself to his old wicked Company, even the King's Murderers.

Lastly, He acted under the Grand Usurper ; was as harsh and severe as ever to the King's Party : for he was no less malicious to his Friends all along than to him ; always opposing them, if they came to the Assembly for Examination, or after the Tryers at *White-hall*, (for he was one of those *Spanish* Inquisitors) pretending, forsooth, only Care to advance Godly and able men ; and yet could prefer his Son-in-law *Nye*, to a Living of 400 *l.* a year, who never deserv'd one of 40 *l.* I come now to describe his Virtues.

His Charity in giving, was as little as his Charity in forgiving ; never so much as bestowing a penny, or piece of Bread at his Door the year throughout, tho' he had many poor Kindred, and some who lived not far from him ; yet out of his abundance, never gave them the worth of Twelve pence, as themselves have said. Nay, (when he had the World flowing in upon him) he suffer'd his poor Father to beg about the Country ; which shew'd he had neither Shame nor pity, nor yet any Natural Affection.

And tho' men say, the *Puritan* will not swear, but will lye damnably. This Impostor both swore and ly'd, having several times taken the Oaths of Allegiance, and Canonical Obedience, the Protestation, and his own Solemn League and Covenant ; all which for the Glory of God, and undo-

ing this Nation, he as solemnly broke and perswaded others to break: that if his Soul had not load enough of his own personal Perjuries, he might sink it with the addition of other mens.

Having said this, you shall not need to question his Truth: For verily he was a man that would not deceive him who never trusted him. He is a Lye in Print, of which there needs no other Proof than his own Preaching up of Rebellion for God's Cause, which is a Lye in Text; and what were all his Fasts and Thanksgivings, but Lyes in Hypocrisie, lying not only to men, but to the Holy Ghost? At the Funeral of Mr. *Borradel* Minister of *Bumsted* in *Effex*, he had this reach in his praise, *That upon his knowledge, he had wept a Bushel* (that's a dry measure) *of Tears for the Sins of his People*. If so, how many Bushels would the rest that he was not privy to have amounted to? Sure Mr. *Borradel* had a very moist Brain, or Mr. *Marshall* a slippery Tongue; for certainly without an *Hyperbole* of the largest size, this must be a loud one. A Lye not inferiour to this, was that, which he had at the Funeral of *Daniel Rogers*. (where after he had made a Lying Face or two)

—*Manúque simul veluti Lachrymantia terpsit
Lumina*—

For not one Tear came; he very gravely told the People (who were no Strangers to Mr. *Rogers's* Infirmities) *He had Grace enough for ten Men, but not for himself: He was,* (as I told you) *at the Fight*
at

at Edge-hill (when he had better have been in his Pulpit at *Finchingfield*) very sore distress'd for perceiving his side to run, and hearing the Cavaliers cry, *Have at the Black-Coats*, meaning himself and Mr. *Ash*, when Mr. *Ash* complainingly misappli'd that Scripture to the Rebels which was spoken of the People of God, *What shall we say when Israel turns his back upon his Enemies?* He knew not what to do; at last (if he did not by himself) to save himself, he made use of his Cousin *Bass's* Man's Device, who threw up his Cap, and cry'd, *Hey for King Charles. Hey for King Charles*, and under the Covert of that Lye, and the Dark, he got by Mid-night to *Warwick Castle*; But the Fright had such an effect upon him, and made so deep an Impression upon his Spirits, that some stuck not to say, that for the time he was beside his Wits; which he no sooner recover'd, but he comes into *Essex* to Lye (as a *Jack-an-apes* does Tricks) for his Master's Advantage. And here he tells the People strange Stories of the Fight (but not a word how valiantly like *Peter* the Hermit he ran away) and that to his knowledge (tho' he was in too much haste to tell the Slain) the King's Party lost five to one of the Parliament; which in one sense was true; because one of the King's Party was worth five of them; else 'tis an untruth: For the even Scales of days Fight, was too sad a presage of that lingering which follow'd.

I am now enquiring after his Humility, if I could find it: I see him among his Leathern Doublets, and the makers of Leather and Doublets;
these

these he loves by instinct: surely I have found it now. But while I judge him by this Company (whom he makes believe are precious to him) one whispers me in the Ear, and tells me that I take a wrong measure: For these poor Christian's Backs are but Blocks to mount him high in the esteem of the round World. He would have made an excellent Judge; for he was no Respector of Persons. If Knights, or Ladies, or Persons of ever so good Condition, had come where he was sitting, he would neither stir his Breech, nor his Cap; it was condescension enough to give them a gracious Nod with his Head; (for his stiff Neck did not often bend) which Carriage of his, made some of his own Party say in my hearing, *That they thought there was not a prouder Parson upon Earth than Mr. Marshall.* Mr Symonds will tell you enough of this, and how his Pride would not suffer any man to cross his irrational Dictates; and how he treated that Holy and Reverend man the World knows. Tho' I have sometimes heard, that his not answering Mr. Symonds, was because he could not answer; and in such cases he was so wise as to hold his peace: For I remember, when he boasted before Mr. Fuller of Stebbing, That he had brought Burial of the Dead out of Fashion in his Town; Mr. Fuller told him, That their *Directory* gave leave to exhort at the Grave. His answer was, then may they have a Funeral Sermon who desire it; but when the other reply'd, the Poor would complain, that the Rich should have Christian Burial, and they, because Poor, be bury'd like Dogs. Mr. Marshall's answer was *Mum.*

And

And tho' he was a severe Censurer of Bishops and others of the Episcopal Clergy, for meddling in Civil Affairs, as excentrick to their Calling; yet himself could make it his business (as well as *Nye, Peters, &c.*) for seven years together. And tho' he had been an earnest promoter of the Kingdoms Good, as he was a disturber of the publick peace, yet could he never be able to avoid the recoil of his own supercilious judging of others. Not that I think the Ecclesiastical Function necessarily deprives his Majesty of the benefit he may have from the prudential abilities of Clergy-men; but I think it wretched impudence in him to charge that as a Crime upon them, who was doubly guilty himself. First, In meddling in the State. Secondly, In meddling to do mischief, and (which is no small aggravation of his fault) in that he acted the Statist in the Pulpit; where, instead of promoting the Gospel, he promoted Insurrections. I know, some asking him, what Peace and Satisfaction he had in acting in Secular Affairs? His answer was (tho' not without Stomach to be asked such a question,) that he had always in his Eye the Glory of God; (of which God and the World too now judge) but if you had ask'd the Pope the same question, he would have given you the like answer, viz. *In ordine ad Spiritualia*. Well, tho' this, and to be bold, two Livings be unpardonable Crimes in an Episcopal Divine, yet Mr. *Marshall's* Godliness can qualifie him for both.

His not being scrupulous himself about State affairs, made him (perhaps) less solicitous about the Scruples of others in reference to the State: For when some of his Parish (and those none of the mean-

meanest) desired his Judgment concerning the taking the Engagement, he (*Prevaricator*-like) reason'd *pro* and *con*; but would not resolve what was safe for them in point of Conscience, nor what himself had practis'd: for he was loth the World should know, that he had swallowed the Engagement, after he had taken the Covenant, which the Hangman hath now burnt.

He was esteem'd a painful Preacher: Himself was wont to compute, from the time that he entred into the Ministry, to almost the end of his days, he had preach'd three times a week, setting those weeks wherein he preach'd four times against those wherein he had preach'd but twice. He preach'd indeed often, but not much; he had an art of spreading his Butter very thin; some men in one Sermon having more Pious and profitable Divinity (besides Learning) than he usually had in four. Besides, as another allay to his painfulness, he often preach'd the same Sermon over and over again; himself has boasted, that he preach'd one Sermon (I believe that was *Curse ye Meroz*,) threescore times: Yea, many of his Sermons cost him no more pains than the transcribing *verbatim*: And this I can assure you is no Slander.

As to his Learning (tho' he had little *Greek*, and no *Hebrew*;) yet he was competently furnish'd with Abilities for a Pastoral Charge in the Country, but no higher; of which himself was conscious: And therefore would never accept any University Preferment (lest he should make himself ridiculous,) nor never Commenced *Doctor*: Indeed he took the Degree of Batchelor in Divinity *per saltum*; but it is said his Tutor Dr. *Garnons* made his Excellent Position,

Position, and that somebody else made, or help'd him to make his *Clerum*. His sitting so long time in the Assembly had somewhat improv'd his Abilities; and therefore he was judg'd fit with Mr. *Vines* to be a disputing Commissioner at *Uxbridge* in the point of Episcopacy. A point which they had canvass'd thred-bare in the Assembly. Indeed they did little else but beat down, and trample upon that Reverend and Apostolick Government (one Divine in a months time would have done as much as they did in seven years) and to the overthrow of which they had all of them contributed their several Mites, * which these two doughty Champions having budgetted up, carried with them to the Treaty. The Evening before they were to dispute, these two *Eves-droppers* stole to the Chamber door of the opposite Doctors, where they over-heard them reading over their Arguments (this is Mr. *Marshall's* own Confession, as well as his Boast) which when they had done, they sate up all Night examining their reasons, and preparing answers; of all which helps they had need, having to oppose so good a Cause, and such able Defenders.

* An insignificant *Director*, fit to have accompanied the *Covenant*. They Epitomiz'd Bishop *tuher's* *Body of Divinity*, which they called their larger *Catechism*; and again epitomiz'd that Epitome, abolishing the ancient Church *Catechism*: hence so much ignorance in the Fundamentals of Religion, and the ill Consequences of that.

And now you have heard of his Learning, take a cast of his Wit: for he was venturous at that sport. But first stop your Nose, because the Jests smell rank. Once this *Scoggin* requested a Lady, (whose name it is not fit to stain by making it here publick) that he might speak his mind freely to her, which she very innocently granting, the rude *Presbyter* spoke (like a *Pythoniss*) from the hollow of his Belly, giving such a burst, as some Beast would do, that had newly eaten

green Tares. The same reply he is said to have given another Gentlewoman, asking his Judgment concerning the Lord's Prayer. If the other was a clownish affront, this was unhallow'd prophaneness. And now my hand is in the Honey-pot, take another, (provided that you read not these upon a full Stomach) It once hapned that he took Physick in an House which he much frequented, and at the same time the Mistres of the House also had taken a Purge; and having but one Easement, which stood conveniently between both their Chambers, the Gentlewoman had got possession of it, when Mr. Marshall's Physick began to wring and gripe, and desire a Writ of Ejectment; he therefore calls to his Mistres to make haste, which her own need delaying, she cries out for his patient stay; his retentive faculty being almost overcome, he tells her, if she does not give way, he must discharge himself in her Lap; but this being a matter *ex officio*, out of modesty I shall contract it with an *&c.* And now I have mentioned modesty, it puts me in mind of a Sermon that I heard him preach at *Saffron Walden* about 15 or 16 years ago upon this Text, *Hosea 13. v. 12, 13. The Iniquity of Ephraim is bound up, his sin is hid; the sorrows of a travailing woman shall come upon him, he is an unwise son, for he should not stay long in the place of the breaking forth of Children.* Which Metaphor he did so plainly open, and so closely pursue, and so pertinently apply, that the modest Women hung down their Heads blushing: And some of them in my hearing, said, they never heard such a bawdy Sermon in their lives.

His wit was not without wealth; for by a kind of *Omnipotence*, he created to himself out of nothing an Estate (as it has been computed) worth 10000 *l.* and left it to his Children; which is more than one of the last Arch-Bishops of *Canterbury*, out of his great Revenue had

had to bequeath to his Relations: Which his Sister *Newman* took an occasion to note, when at a Meeting, she told a Lady, that the World was well amended with her Brother (who was present) since the time he and she us'd to go a Gleaning together, when he would cudgel her Coat, if she did not ply her business; and thus she was even with him for saying before some Gentleman, that she look'd like a Witch in a Play.

But to let these small things pass, and draw to a Period with my Subject: Honest *Stephen*, for all his Favour, Wit, Learning, Honour, Cunning, Wealth, must die, die of a Consumption too, who had help'd to consume so much of the Kingdom's Blood and Treasure, and of the Churches Vitals and Beauty. His Sickness was long and tedious, which made him a very *Skeleton*, and ghastly spectacle before his Death. Some report, that like *Henderson*, he died full of horror and despair; they that speak most sparingly of him, say, he had not that assurance of his Salvation, that he expected to have had at his Death.

Death and Judgment are solemn things, and give a man a truer, and less flattering view of his actions, than covetous and ambitious Interests will let him see. I presume not to judge his future Estate; to his own Master he stood or fell: his Conscience being awakened, he might, and so others may find more truth and comfort in the first sentence of our Liturgy (tho' they call it a Lye) than in all their thin notions of Divinity.

He was of a middle Stature, thick Shouldered, swarthy Complexion, his Eyes always rowling in his Head. when he talked with any man, he never look'd in his face, but cast them this way and that way, which some interpreted as an argument of a jealous mind and suspicious of Mischief. His Deportment was clownish, like his Breeding; his *Garb* slovenly (sometimes preaching without

without his Cloak) his Gate shackling, and the Furniture within not unlike the outside.

Now Sir, tho' I have exceeded the length of an Epistle, yet I am not conscious to my self, that I have any where exceeded the Truth; and now let the World judge, if there were not more scandal in this man's Life, than in eating *Sack* and *Custard*, or in both *White's* Legends put together. And do you *Presbyterians* judge, what an able Builder your Cause has had here in *England*; for it is not to leave an infamy upon this persons name, that I have given you this copy of the man, but purely for your sakes, who have been unhappily deluded by his seeming merit. I know some of you have discovered him to be another man than you first took him for; but the most of you are ignorant of his Private Carriage, and under-hand practices, and divers of you are so firmly wedded to your old Opinions, and which is worse, still justify those ungodly means whereby you have maintain'd them. For God's sake, let not the King's Pardon, which extends but to your Goods and Lives, be an occasion to betray your Souls: There must pass an Act of Indemnity in Heaven, before you can be secured; and this will never be without Repentance. Repent then, and let the World see that you are sorry for, and sensible of your sin; this will not be your Shame, but your Honour. That part of the *Kirk of Scotland* at *Aberdene*, have bury'd all their Infamy in their Ingenuous acknowledgment of their foul Miscarriages. God Almighty accept and pardon them, and stir up you to do the like Penance in a white sheet of Paper; which shall be the hearty desire of your Friend, and more particularly, Worthy Sir, of him who is

Yours humbly Devoted.

F I N I S.